ption of the Wounds; How Jackson Bore His Sufferings; How He Passed His Last Hours, &c.

rom an article by Dr. Hunter McGuin Medical Director of Jackson's comman Medical In the Kichmoud Medical Jou

Supported upon either side by his discount of paintain May, 1866.)
Supported upon either side by his dis—Captain James Smith and Joseph lorrison—the General moved slowly and painfully towards the rear. Ocsionally resting for a moment to shake the exhaustion which pain and the of blood produced, he at last ached the line of battle, where most of the men were lying down to escape the shell and cannister, with which the Federals raked the road. General Pender rode up here to the little party and asked who was wounded, and Captain Smith, who had been ed by General Jackson to tell no one of his injury, simply answered, "A Confederate officer"; but Pender recognized the General, and, springing from his horse, burriedly expressed his regret, and added that his lines were so much broken he feared it would be nescene was a fearful one. The air seemed to be alive with the shricks of shells and the whistling of bullets; horses, riderless and mad with fright, dashed in every direction; hundreds left the ranks and fled to the rear, and the groans of the wounded and dying mingled with the wild shouts of others mingled with the wild sasult. Almost to be led again to the assault. Almost fainting as he was, from loss of blood, fearfully wounded, and as he thought dying, Jackson was undismayed by this terrible scene. The words of Pender seemed to rouse him to life. Pushing saide the men who supported him, he stretched himself to his full height and answered feebly, but distinctly enough to be heard above the din of the battle : "General Pender, you must hold on to the field; you must hold out to the

JACKSON'S LAST ORDER. It was Jackson's last order upon the field of battle. Still more exhausted by this effort, he asked to be permitted to lie down for a few moments, but the danger from the fire, and capture by the Federal advance was too imminent. and his aids hurried him on. A litter having been obtained, he was placed upon it, and the bearers passed on as rapidly as the thick woods and rough ground permitted. Unfortunately, another one of the bearers was struck down, and the litter having been supported at each of the four corners by man, fell and threw the General to the ground. The fall was a serious one, and as he touched the earth he gave, for the first time, expression to his suffering, and grouned pitcously.

Captain Smith sprang to his side, and as he raised his head a bright

beam of moonlight made its way through the thick foliage and rested the pale face of the sufferer. upon the pale face of the sancte.
The Captain was startled by its great pallor and stillness, and cried out: hurt?" "No," he answered, "don't trouble yourself, my friend, about and presently added thing about winning the battle first and attending to the wound-ed afterwards. He was placed upon the litter again, and carried a few hundred yards, when I met him with an ambulance. I knelt down by him and said, "I hope you are not badly hurt, General." He replied very but feebly, "I am badly in-Doctor; I fear I am dying." After a pause he continued, "I am glad you have come. I think the wound in my shoulder is still bleed-His clothes were saturated with blood, and hemorrhage was still going the artery with the finger arrested it until, lights being procured from the ambulance, the handkerchief, which

had slipped a little, was readjusted. JACKSON'S CALMNESS. His calmness amid the dangers which surrounded him and at the supposed presence of death, and his uniform poiteness, which did not forsake him, even under these, the most trying circumstances, were remarkable. complete control, too, over his mind, enfeebled as it was by loss of blood, pain, &c., was wonderful. His suffer ing at this time was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless; net a groan escaped himnot a sign of suffering except the slight corrugation of his brow, the fixed, rigid face, and the thin lips so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them. Except these, he controlled by his iron will all evidence of emotion, and more difficult than this even, he controlled that disposition to restlessness which many of us have observed upon the field of battle attending great loss blood. Some whiskey and morphia were procured from Dr. Straith and administered to him, and placing him in the ambulance it was started for the corps field infirmary at the Wilderness tavern. Colonel Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, was also in the am-bulance wagon. He had been wounded bulance wagon. He had been wounded very seriously in the leg, and was suf-fering intensely.

The General expressed, very feelingly, his sympathy for Crutchfield, and once, when the latter groaned aloud, he once, when the latter ground aloud, he directed the ambulance to stop, and rested me to see if something could be done for his relief. Torches had not be done for his relief. Torches had been provided, and every means taken to carry them to the hospital as safely and easily as possible. I sat in the front part of the ambulance, with my finger resting upon the artery above the wouad, to arrest bleeding if it should eccor. When I was recognized by acquaintances and asked who was wounded, the General would tell me to say, "A Confederate officer." At one time he put his right hand upon my head, and pulling me down to him, asked if Crutchfield was dangerously injured? When answered "No.

SYMPATRY.

to him, asked if Crutchield was dan-gerously injured? When answered "No., only painfully hurt," he replied, "I am glad it is ne worse," In a few moments after Crutchfield did the same thing, and when he was told that the General was very seriously wounded, be grouned and cried out, "Oh, my God!" It was for this that the General directed the ambulance to be halted, and requested that something should be done for Crutchfield's relief.

After reaching the hospital he was seed in bed, covered with blankets, of another drink of whiskey and water him. Two hours and a half before sufficient reaction took ent, I infermed him that chloroform

ed to repeat the word "bless hall (such as is used for the smooth-hore Springfield musket), which had odged under the skin upon the back of ball (such as is used for the smoothbore Springfield musket), which had
lodged under the skin upon the back of
his right hand, was extracted first. It
had entered the palm about the middle
of the hand, and had fractured two of
the bones. The left arm was then
amputated about two inches below
the shoulder, very rapidly and
with slight loss of blood, the
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other things said that he had intended to endeavor to cut the Federal of from United States Ford, and
taking a position between them and the
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the added with a smi the bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder, very rapidly and with slight loss of blood, the ordinary circular operation having been made. There were two wounds in his upon the opposite side just above the wrist. Throughout the whole of the operation, and until all the dressings were applied, he continued insensible. Two or three slight wounds of the skin of his face, received from the branches of trees when his horse dashed through the woods, were dressed simply

with isinglass-plaster.

CONSULTED ABOUT THE ARMY.

About half-past 3 o'clock Colonel then Major) Pendleton, the Assistant Adjutant-General, arrived at the hospital and asked to see the General. He stated that General Hill had been wounded and that the troops were in great disorder. General Stuart was in command, and had sent him to see the General. At first I declined to permit an interview, but the Colonel urged that the safety of the army and success of the cause depended upon his seeing him. When he entered the tent the General said: "Well, Major, I am glad to see you. I thought you were killed." Pendleton briefly explained the condition of affairs, gave Stuart's message, and asked what should be done. General Jackson was at once interested, and asked in his quick, rapid way several questions. When they were answered he remained silent for a moment, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, and for some moments was obviously endeavoring to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment it was believed he had succeeded, for his nostril dilated and his eye flashed its old fire, but it was only or a moment; bis face relaxed again, and presently he answered very feebly and sadly, "I don't know, I can't and sadly, "I don't know, I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." after this he slept for several hours, and seemed to be doing well. The next morning he was free from pain, and expressed himself sanguine At my r of recovery. He sent his aide-de-camp, Morrison, to inform his wife of his injuries, and to bring her at once to see him. The following note from General Lee was read to him that morning by Captain Smith: "I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I to disturb me, and demanded congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy. He replied : "General Lee should give the praise to God."

HOW GOES THE BATTLE. About 10 o'clock his right side be gan to pain him so much that he asked me to examine it. He said he had injured it in falling from the litter the pight before, and believed that he had struck it against a stone or the stump of a sapling. No evidence of injury could be discovered by examination. The skin was not broken or bruised, and the lung performed, as far as I could tell, its proper functions. Some simple application was recommended in the belief that the pain would soon disappear.

fearfully, and the sound of the cannon and musketry could be distinctly heard at the hospital. The General's attention was attracted to it from the first, and when the noise was at its height, and indicated how fiercely the conflict was being carried on, he directed all of his attendants except Captain Smith to return to the battlefield and attend to their different duties. By 8 o'clock Sunday night the pain in his side had disappeared, and in all respects he seemed to be doing well. He inquired minutely about the battle and the different ness. The General's joy at the pretroops engaged, and his face would light with enthusiasm and interest when told how his brigade acted or that officer displayed conspicuous courage, and his head gave the peculiar shake from side to side, and he uttered his usual Good, good," with unwonted energy when the gallant behavior of the "Stonewall brigade" was alluded to. He said "the men of that brigade will he some day proud to say to their chil-'I was one of the Stonewall dren, brigade." He disclaimed any right of the discharge from them had diminhis own to the name Stonewall. belongs to the brigade, and not to me." This night he slept well, and was free from pain.

HIS REMOVAL.

A message was received from Gene ral Lee the next morning, directing me to remove the General to Guinea's Station as soon as his condition would justify it, as there was some danger of capture by the Federals, who were threatening to cross at Ely's Ford. In the mean time, to protect the hospital, some troops were sent to this point. The General objected to being moved, if in my opinion it would do him any injury. He said he had no objection to staying in a tent, and would prefer it if his wife, when she came, could find lodging in a neighboring house; "and if the enemy does come." he added, "I am not atraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded. and I am sure they will be kind to me." General Lee sent word again late that evening that he must be moved, if possible, and preparations were made to leave the next morning. I was directed to accompany and remain with him, and my duties with the corps as meditor were turned over to the sureon next in rank. General Jackson had previously declined to permit me to go with him to Guinea's because comaints had been so frequently made of general officers, when wounded, carry-ing off with them the surgeons belonging to their commands. formed of this order of the command-ing general, he said, "General Lee has always been very kind to me, and I thank him." Very early Tuesday morning he was placed in an ambulance and started for Guinea's station, and about 8 o'clock that evening he arrived at the Chandler house, where he re-mained till he died. Captain Hotchkiss, with a party of engineers, was sent in front to clear the road of wood, stone, etc., and to order the wagons out of the

The rough teamsters sometimes resed to move their loaded wagons out of the way for an ambulance until to'd that it contained Jackson, and then, with

track to let the ambulance pass.

WOULD MOVE OUT OF THE WAY FOR

JACKSON.

throughout the day. He talked freely about the late battle, and among other things said that he had in-He hoped he would be promoted. He thought promotion for gallantry should

made. There were two wounds in his arm. The first and most serious was about three inches below the shoulder-joint, the ball dividing the main artery and fracturing the bone. The second was several inches in length; a ball having entered the outside of the forearm an inch below the elbow, came out upon the opposite side just above the upon the opposite side just above the praised him very highly, and referred to the deaths of Paxton and Boswell very feelingly. He alluded to them as officers of great merit and promise. The day was quite warm, and at one time he suffered from slight nausea. At his suggestion, I placed over his stomach a wet towel, and he expressed great relief from it. After he arrived at Chandler's house he ate some bread and tea with evident relish, and slept well throughout the entire night. Wednesday he was thought to be doing remarkably well. He ate heartily for one in his condition and was uniformly cheerful.

HE ASKS ABOUT HIS WOUNDS.

I found his wounds to be very well to-day. Union by the first intention had taken place to some extent in the stump, and the rest of the surface of the wound exposed was covered with healthy granulations. The wound in his hand gave him little pain, and the discharge was healthy. Simple lint and water dressings were used, both for the stump and hand, and upon the palm of the latter a light, short splint was applied to assist in keeping at rest the fragments of the second and third metacarpal bones. He expressed great satisfaction when told that his wounds were healing, and asked if I could tell from their appearance how long he would probably the field. Conversing with Captain Smith a few moments afterwards, he alluded to his injuries, and said, Many would regard them as a great misfortune; I regard them as one of the blessings of my life."

Captain Smith replied, "All things work together for good to those that love God." "Yes," he answered, "that's it,

At my request Dr. Morrison came

to-day and remained with him. About I o'clock Thursday morning, while I was asleep upon a lounge in his room, he directed his servant (Jim) to apply a wet towel to his stomach to relieve an attack of nausza, with which he was again troubled. The servant asked permission to first consult me. but the General knowing that I have directed events I should have had slept none for nearly three to disturb me, and demanded the towel. About daylight I was aroused, and found him suffering great pain. An examination disclosed pleuro-pneumonia of the right side. believed, and the consulting physicians concurred in the opinion, that it was attributable to the fall from the litter the night he was wounded. The General himself referred it to this accident. think the disease came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once be lieved, that it was induced by them. The nausea, for which the cloths were applied that night, may have been the result of inflammation already be gun. Contusion of the lung, with exvented any ill effects until reaction had been well established, and then inflammation ensued. Cups were applied. and mercury, with antimony and opium,

administered. HOPES OF RECOVERY ENTERTAINED Towards the evening he became better, and hopes were again entertained of his recovery. Mrs. Jackson arrived to-day and nursed him faithfully to the end. She was a devoted wife and earnest Christian, and endeared us all to her by her great kindness and gentlesence of his wife and child was very great, and for him unusually demon strative. Noticing the sadness of his wife, he said to her tenderly : "I know you would gladly give your life for me, out I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad. I hope I may yet recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers to use the petition, 'Thy will be done."

Friday his wounds were again dressed, and although the quantity of ished, the process of healing was still The pain in his side had disgoing on. appeared, but he breathed with difficulty, and complained of a feeling of great exhaustion. When Dr. Brecken-ridge (who, with Dr. Smith, had been sent for in consultation) said he hope that a blister which had been applied would afford him great relief, he expressed his own confidence in it, and in his final recovery.

Dr. Tucker, from Richmond, arrived

on Saturday, and all that human skill could devise was done to stay the hand of death. He suffered no pain to-day, and his breathing was less diffi-cult, but he was evidently hourly growing weaker.

HIS "LITTLE COMFORTER."

When his child was brought to him to-day he played with it for some time, frequently caressing it, and calling it his "little comforter." At one time he raised his wounded hand above his head, and closing his eyes, was for some moments silently engaged in prayer. He said to me: "I see from the number of physicians that you think my conon dangerous, but I thank God, it is His will, that I am ready to go. About daylight on Sunday morning Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared

for the worst. He was silent for a mo-

ment, and then said : " It will be in-

finite gain to be translated to Heaven. He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed, and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Sa-viour. He replied: "Oh, no; you are frightened, my child; death is not so near; I may yet get well." She fell over upon the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that the physicians said there was no hope. After a mo-ment's pause he asked her to call me. "Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her that I am to die to-day; is it so?" When he was answered turned his eyes toward the ceiling

great deal to say to her, but he was too

whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God; they are very kind." He said: "It is the Lord's Day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

HIS LAST MOMENTS. His mind now began to fail and wander. and he frequently talked as if in com-mand upon the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted, and he was at the mess table, in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during one of them I offered him some brandy and water, but he declined it saying, "It will only delay my departure, and do no good; I want to preserve my mind, if possible, to the last." About half-past I he was told that he had but two hours to like and he are read as a fine field in the had but two hours. live, and he answered again, feebly but

firmly, "Very good, it is all right."

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hawks —'' then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he cried quietly and with an expression as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"; and then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it.

CHARLOTTE.

Ex-Empress of Mexico, Insano Reported Bying.

The ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico is lying seriously ill at the beautiful old castle of Bouchout, near Brussels. She was born June 7, 1840, the daughter of Leopold I, King of Belgium, and of his wife, the Princess Louise, daugh-



ter of Louis Phillippe, King of the French: and she is the only sister o Leopold II, the present King of Bel gium. Her sad history is soon told On July 27, 1857, she was married to the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. This unfortunate man was elected Emperor of Mexico on July 10, 1863. When, in consequence of the opposition of the United States Government, he lost French support, the empire collapsed, and July 19, 1867, Maximilian was shot by the Mexican authorities. The awful shock of her husband's exe cution robbed Charlotte of her reason

ness a semblance of court life was kept up around her. She was then living at Tervueren, where receptions were regularly held, such as in former days brightened life at the old palace of Iturbide, in Mexico. The Empress herself went through the ceremonies with the same grace as of old, and after a certain number of people had gathered around her, she would thank them for coming to see "the great Empress of Mexico," and then rising from her simulated throne, move towards the adjoining rooms, saying: "You wish, no doubt, to lay your tribute at the feet of his Majesty, the Emperor. I will go and find him." Returning after a few moments, she would say, "I cannot find the Emperor, but he will see you as soon as he returns." With this she recommenced an animated conversation on the present situation and the brilliant future prospects of the Emperor, and taking up his portrait she exhorted him to rise higher and higher still, and not to strive for one. but for ten, twenty-nay, for all the crowns of the world. The courtiers, moved to tears by the pathetic scene, would bow low and take their departure, unperceived by the excited Empress, who, after a while, would majestically sweep through the rooms. haughtily commanding imaginary pages to carry her train. But the proud, to carry her train. hard look melted into sweetness and tenderness when, on her daily walk through the grounds, her eyes followed the flight of birds or clouds.

After the conflagration of Tervueren the little court moved to Bouchout, and the Empress has, in the course of time, become less excited. Receptions were no longer held, and the court circle consists only of the ladies of honor belonging to the Belgian aristocracy, eight of whom in turn reside for a week at Bouchout. Several hours were spent every day at the piano, and as Empress Charlotte is herself a distinguished artiste, these musical entertainments were highly appreciated by all. Fancy work was also one of the favorite occupations of the Empress, and her embroideries are said to equal those of the best Paris workers. While listening to the music, or busy with her needle, the Empress never uttered a single word, but seemed lost in thought, and it was very rarely that during her daily walks she broke the silence. On Sundays, during divine service, which she regularly attended, when the voice of the organ was heard through the chapel, her soul seemed transfigured, and a strange smile lighted up the features of one of

Vestivina Showing Restlessn

[Naples letter in Baltimore Sun.] Mount Vesuvius is receiving a great deal of attention from strangers at this time. Nightly its internal emotions show signs of increasing, presenting beautiful scenes of effulgent illuminations, deeply outlined against the sky, with a vermillion tinge. A few nights ago an unusual display of its vomiting power was witnessed. Occasional voiumes of red-hot lava issued forth in sudden bursts that ran down the side of the mountain in one long stream of flowing red, crimsoning as the contact with the atmosphere cooled it like the decreasing heat of red-hot iron. The next morning snow covered the scarred surface of the mountain from the nummit nearly half way down to the base, while the ever-exhaling smoke ascendinto space like a long white plume.

BOOK AND JOB WORK NEATH

NEW YORK GOSSIP. LIVE TOPICS AS SEEN IN THE GREAT

METROPOLIS.

Society and Scandal-A Look at Moneyed Political, and Literary Men-Labor Troubles Discussed.

Correspondence of the Dispatch.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1886. The Wall-street story that a young man whose fortune amounts to \$75,000,000, but whose grandfather was once a boatman at New Dorp, Staten Island, has latterly sold some 25,000 shares of Lake-Shore railroad stock, seems to have little foundation in fact. William K. Vanderbilt has probably not sold a share of that stock. He is chairman of the Lake-Shore Board of Directors, Cornelius Vanderbilt is a director in the road, and, in fact, the Vanderbilt family are sufficiently interested in the property to render it improba-ble that they would abandon their in-terest in it unless for some better reasons than now exist. William K. Vanderbilt, by the way, is President of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railroad and a director of the New York Central, while he is also more or less interested financially in the Lake Eric and Western road. He is five feet ten inches in height, weighs 160 pounds, and is con-sidered the picture of his father. He has the Vanderbilt gray eyes and wears side whiskers, a fact which recalls old Commodore Vanderbilt's dislike for moustaches; he considered them

"Frenchy" and pretentious. William H. Vanderbilt never wore a moustache from the day of his humble sojourn on Staten Island as a hard-working farmer to the day when he died the richest man in the world and it was because of his father's antipathy to this form of hirsute adornment. William K. Vanderbilt is now thirty-six years of age, of strong build, and with doubtless a long life of financial distinction before him. He was educated at Geneva, in Switzerland, and is something of a linguist. He is considered a connoisseur in paintings. He likes horses, but is without the strong affection for horseflesh that was so characteristic of his father. He is now having built at Wilmington, Del., a yacht that will be the largest affoat nd 30 feet longer than Jay Gould's 254-ton vacht Atalanta, which Cramp. of Philadelphia, built for him three years ago. William K. Vanderbuilt is rarely seen in Wall street. He is more of a man of the world than his brother Cornelius, who is now the head of the Vanderbilt family; he lives in the splendid castle-like graystone mansion on Fifth avenue, opposite the home of the late William H. Vanderbilt, which, for magnificence in a hundred details of princely luxury, might please au Oriental potentate.

CORNELIUS VANDEREILT. Cornelius Vanderbilt, forty years of age, handsome, and worth \$80,000,000, arm around a lady's waist looking into is a unique figure in the realm of gold. He is religious; he takes an active interest in the Bible Society; he is a regular attendant of the Rev. Dr. Cook's St. Bartholomew's church, on Madison avenue; he recalls the rich carpenter's Son ages ago. Cornelius Vanderbilt is very pleasant

in his manners, has a considerable degree business skill, and is well liked wherever he is known. He dresses neatly but very plainly, wears no diamonds, makes no display of wealth; the son of a western pork-packer, forsooth, would hold his head much higher. propped up with the gold begotten of swine. Mr. Vanderbilt belongs to no clubs; he is thoroughly domestic in his tastes. He was always a particular favorite of the old Commodore. Twentyprobably produced by the fall referred to, and shock and loss of blood pre
During the early period of her madice five years ago he was a clerk for Kissam

A Co. the Well-street back of the wall-street five years ago he was a clerk for Kissam of the firm being Benjamin Kissam, who retired twenty years ago, and is now one of Brooklyn's millionaires, living in fine style in First place. a corresponding clerk in this house Cornelius received a salary of only \$1,000 a year, but out of this he always saved \$200 and deposited it in the bank. This pleased the old Commodore mightily. William H. Vanderbilt had allowed his son to go into a Wall-street firm in order that he might obtain practical experience in finance, but the Commodore was afraid to have his grandson there he was afraid of the wiles of Wallstreet sharks, who might lead him into habits of speculation. He asked the young man to accept a position the office of the New York Central railroad. The offer was declined. The Commodore, bent on achieving his purpose, then went to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt and said : " You get that boy Cornelius to leave his present place, and I'll give him \$150,000." The young man, then only twenty-one years of age, at once accepted this offer. When he was married the Commodore gave him \$150,000 more, and also left him \$5, 000,000 in his will. He is now pres dent of the Canada Southern railroad. chairman of the Executive Board of the New York Central, and a director o the Lake Shore and other railroads in which the Vanderbilt family are interested. He has the oval Vanderbilt features, yet strongly resembles his mother. who, still handsome, was, in her earlier days, one of the most beautiful women New York. She lives now in the brown palace on Fifth avenue with two of her daughters. As a slender blonde of rare personal attractions she won the affection of young William II. Vanderbilt while she was on a visit here to some friends. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergy man named Kissam at Cedar Hill, a small town on the Hud son, and there they were married; the homestead and the farm attached is now owned by Benjamin Kissam, of Brooklyn. Mrs. Vanderbilt at fifty-nine bears her age lightly and always looked much younger than her husband. None of her daughters ever equalled her in beauty. She is refined, cultivated, and SOCIETY MATTERS.

The big balls of the winter are over nd pleasant dinner parties are now fashionable. The combination dinner is still in vogue. Several small dinner parties are given at different houses. after which all the guests assemble a one residence for the cotillon. Since Lent came in the only difference is they all meet at some theatre, and after the

performance there is a supper.

Private theatricals are to be indulged n for charities, and the first is to take place at Mrs. Eliot Johnston's, the play eing a translation from the French by Miss Cornelia Van Auken, a grand daughter of the late Commodore Garrion. Miss Van Auken is very young. with an intelligent, bright face, and is unusually accomplished. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing her recite her own poems know how clever

LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT. Another very delightful Lenten er tertainment is to be arranged by Miss Wickham, the expounder of Robert Browning' works. It may be remem-bered that last season Miss Wickham gave Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women "as a moving tableau, reading the lines descriptive of each character as

belles as to who will be selected, as the affair will be very fashionable. I only know of one so far selected, and that is Mrs. General Collis. Everybody knows General Collis, of the Wallstreet firm of Collis & Levy. Mrs. Collis, who was Miss Levy, has been chosen for Cleopatra, and she certainly will look the character; she is decidedly of the Oriental type, with undulating movements; large, dreamy, black eyes, blood-red lips, and masses of glossy raven hair. She is a handsome woman and an ideal Cleopatra in appearance. Miss Wickham will probably give this series of poetical pictures in the ball-

room of the Hotel Brunswick. SOCIETY FAVORITES.

The catilions of the winter developed many new leaders, who had never attempted this arduous social position before. They were more or less successful. Under the latter heading is Mr. Charles Hone, and all were sorry that he had not been given an opportunity earlier in the season. He may expect to be in demand next winter, for good leaders of the german are few. Mr. Hone married some years ago Miss Josio Hoey, the only daughter of Mr. John Hoey, of the Adams Express Company. The Hoeys and Hones are delightful entertainers.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham is an artistic-looking young Englishman who will become popular. He is known as the great ballad-singer of London, and has a pure tenor voice. He brought letters of introduction to several prominent families here, and is already on the high tide to success. He sang at Mrs. John D. Townsend's charming musicale given on Saturday evening, and is to be heard again soon at Mrs. August Belmont's. With such patronesses he cannot fail.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY AND DI-This is a thunder-cloud in the social firmament that is liable to burst any moment, in which amateur photography plays an important part. Little over a year ago the son of an old and respected French family married a pretty girl of less brilliant social position. She had little beside her pretty face. At first the aristocratic family objected to her on account of her social standing, and also because the young man was a Catholic and she a Protestant. However, she was received in their family after her marriage, although she was said to be vain and frivolous. cently her husband's brother died, and a quarrel ensued between husband and wife because she insisted on going to Washington on a pleasure-trip a few days after. Divorce is talked of. The young wife says, on her side, that her husband has been absurdly jealous. treated her cruelly, and has been taker by amateur photography in rather affectionate positions with ladies in her own parler. It certainly would not be an interesting picture for a wife to see a photograph of her husband with his her eyes. The scene, the wife's drawing-room. But how about the ladies photographed with the husband? THE SMITHS AS ACTORS.

Sunday evening a party of clever people, who had dined together, were enjoying a chat when one of the party happened to take up a copy of a New York Sunday paper and lines, written and signed by that very clever journalist, W. A. Croffut: "No man bearing the name of Smith has ever been heard of as an actor, though some have attained distinction in litera-ture," &c. There was a hearty laugh. No one present could believe at first that Mr. Croffut's memory could either be so bad or that his theatrical education had been so neglected. "No actor by the name of Smith!" said one. "Did he never hear of that great actor Mark Smith?" said another. It does seem as if every one in New York must remember Mr. Mark Smith's performance in "Le Centennaire" at the Union-Square Theatre under the title of " A Hundred Years Old." Mark Smith was also a celebrated Dr. Pangloss in 'The Heir at Law." Sol. Smith, was a well-known actor, and the life of their father, also named Sol. Smith, would prove in-teresting reading. He was a great actor and manager for a long time in St. Louis. Sol. Smith Russell, now before the public, is a nephew, and Mrs. Sol. Smith, widow of the younger Sol. Smith, played not long ago with Wal-lack's company. And that old and grand actor, William Sedley Smith. who adopted the name of Smith only as a nom de theatre, was the father of Mr Henry Sedley, at one time on the New York Times. Young Mark Smith, Jr., will be pleasantly remembered by his charming baritone voice in the recent production of "The Black Hussar," in

which he sang the title-role. ECUCICAULT AND HIS PLAYS. Public taste changes, fashions die out, plays become obsolete; but Bou-cicault is there all the same. With the frest of time on him, sere and sedate, he comes up smiling in New York, and out of his tired antiquity shows the generation that, after all, when it comes to making a good play he is still the man. "The Jilt" is the best play that has been done here this season. It is so good in two senses that it is an event. New in treatment, fresh in subject, and bright in its expression, it not only wins critical attention and commendation, but catches the public,

Marvellous old man is Boucicault, So far nobody has been able to tell where he got the plot. Such a raking over of French plays for a week I never saw hefore. But even Cazauran, who is the

court of last resort, didn't recognize it. Boucicault has made three or four fortunes. He is the rare spectacle of a literary man in the nineteenth century who has literally made millions with his pen. But he never kept his millions. He doesn't know to-day half as much about money as he does about melodrama. The "Colleen Bawn," still playing all over the world, has earned millions of money. The "Shaughraun" alone turned in \$1,200, 000. And twelve years after it was written Boucicault was in New York without a penny. Two or three seasons ago this Creesus of comedy was barn-storming in New England with a second-rate company.

If you could mash up Victor Hugo,

Ruy Blas, and Klopstock into one paste. you might spread out a plaster of Bouicault. Take Michael Angelo and Jo Howard and rub them into one. Prince, Bohemian, genius, vagabond, Irishman. Frenchman, actor, poet, profligate-if he were to tell the story of his own life truly we'd mistake it for Manchausen.

ANOTHER NEW PLAY. There were two events on Tuesday

night. Boucieault was one and Bal-derdash was the other. "Pepita, the glass-eye with a girl," was done at the Union-Square Theatre. It is written by Alfred Thompson, A. M., and Solo-mon, Mus. Doc. But it was built by mon, Mus. Doc. But it was built by J. M. Hill, and the builder beats the architects by all odds. In resplende it will take the town. It's a whirl of pretty girls. Nobody stops to ask what they are trying to do. Certainly I cannot tell you. You might as well try to explain the inner meaning of a house of absorbate. It is something they slowly came into view. This year burst of aky-rockets. It is something the entertainment will consist of well-hown characters in history, and great thing tuneful and swelling. It files,

cates, shimmers, to bursts of joyous clamor. Banks of girls stand in golden rain in their pink tights. They don't do anything in this world but come and go and sing about it, and in the centre is a nucleus of Lillian Russell, translu-

cent, doubly pink.

This is the Lenten event in the amusement world. Think of it. The peal of Ash Wednesday had not died out when this appeal was made. And mind you, this is the interdicted thing that comes in between the world and the devil.

I suppose that "Pepita" will be what is called a great success. There are no reasons within reach of the reviewer to account for it, except that the world wants to see the motes dance in the sunbeam now and then-which, after all, is perhaps better than to see them dance in our neighbor's eye.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

port of New York. It turns in to its incumbent in fees between \$75,000 and \$80,000 a year. The present officer's term ran out in 1882, and he has held over for four years. He is a country physician, a Republican, and friend of Thomas C. Platt, who with Roscoe Conkling, resigned the United States senatorship soon after President Garfield's inauguration. The country doctor is in bad odor with the anti-Platt wing of his party. He is accused of salting dow his fees and of not making any party contributions. Seven of the twenty Republican senators are Platt men, and they have refused to go into caucus or vote for the confirmation of any candidate for the place now filled by the country doctor. The health officer however, is not the only placeman who is holding over. Three quarantine commissioners, all Platt men, and one of them Platt himself, are in the same boat. A commissioner of the Board of Claims also holds over. The Platt senators are thus manning the guns of a fortress that bears directly on the United States senatorship soon to be vacated by Warner Miller. This fortress can only be cap-tured by a combination of the twelve Republican anti-Platt senators with the Democrats. This combination has been made, and all political eyes are now turned toward the outworks. The Governor has nominated a well-known city physician for health officer and two anti-Platt Republicans for quarantine commissioners. One of the latter is Dr. John H. Douglas, the physician who attended General Grant on his death-bed. The other is Marshal B. Blake, late collector of internal reveue in the richest district in the United States. The two remaining nominees are Democrats.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Local political interest has been centred in Marshal B. Blake. Scores of Republicans in the city are far more popular, and everybody has been wonering who is backing him. It has just leaked out that his backer is ex-Presi-dent Chester A. Arthur. He has taken a quiet hand in the deal, apparently prea quiet hand in the deal, apparently pre-liminary to resuming his old place as the well-known banker. Belmont, and the leading Republican diplomatist in local politics. For years Arthur conducted all the negotiations with warring Democratic factions in the city, and always successfully. At one time he fed Democratic fends so admirably that the Republi-

cans, although in a minority of 10,000 votes, controlled more than balf of the patronage in the city departments. His resumption of the helm means lively times to come. It will have an important bearing on the election of United States senator nex winter, and it would surprise few local politicians if it landed Arthur himself in Warner Millers's chair.

I am informed by a leading Demo nominations will be confirmed. situation, however, is rather delicate. It is predicated on the obstinacy of the Platt senators. If four of the seven give way, the two Republicans may be confirmed and the Democratic nominees rejected. This, however, would leave Platt intrenched in the citadel, with his outworks in the hands of his enemies. As matters now stand, the Republican nominees cannot be confirmed without the votes of the Democratic senators, and the three Democrats cannot acquire office without the support of the anti-Platt senators. One thing, however, is worth noting : Arthur has again dabbled in politics and stands to win either way.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

The stock speculation is practically as dead as the proverbial door-nail, and the majority of the brokers' firms are at their wits' end how to make daily expenses. Outside orders have abtely ceased, and whatever transactions occur on the floor of the Exchange are almost exclusively the petty trading professional Board members. fact, the stock market was never so near the famous simile of the late Jim Fiskthat it is like a graveyard : those who are in cannot get out, and those who are out don't want to get in. Business hours in the offices are passed in playing backgammon or chess and in dis-cussing the Oregon disaster, Mrs. Morgan's art sale, and the two last fashionable divorces-that of Mrs. Turnbull and that of Mrs. Frederick W. Stevens.

The loss of the Oregon is of more in terest to Wall street than to the rest of the community, for apart from the desire of learning all the details and the cause of the calamity, brokers want to find out what is to be done in regard to the securities which were on board and which went down with the ship. It is said that the Oregon was bringing over some 30,000 shares of Reading, 85,000,000 of Erie seconds and West-Shore bonds, and a large quantity of Erie common, and various other stocks. Most of the securities are likely to have been sold previous to shipment, or as the commercial parlance has it, "sold to arrive." But while articles of merchandise and precious metals are usually insured shipped, stocks and bonds are seldom so, for the expense is considerable while the arbitrage calculations between the two countries are very close. Some how or other it seems repugnant to the shipper of Wall-street securities to pay the insurance on, say \$100,000, for little bit of a package which a clerk takes to the shipping office in his pecket, and which would be of no earthly use to anybody who stole or found it. But in this case comes up the question of the status of the shippe of these securities. He sold them and cannot deliver them, so that he practically remains short of them until the divers recover them from the sunken ship, or until their shipment and loss have been proved and the legal question has been decided as to whether they can be re-newed or not. Some people argue that bonds cannot be renewed at all; others say that the renewal of, say \$100,000 onds, will require at least nine month;

who are just now very deeply in-terested in it and likely to push it to a speedy solution. THE GREAT ART SALE. The sale of the late Mrs. Morgan's art treasures was a remarkable one from the point of view of the ease with which money is coming forward nowa-

of the legal side of the question, but

chasers had not any idea at all a few years ago. Not one American in ten thousand ever heard before of the Peachblow wase, and now \$18,000 is paid for a vase not larger than an ordi pary champagne-bottle, and more blar ing is indulged in about it in No. York than the whole of Italy would be guilty of at the discovery of a new Raphael, or the whole of Spain at a new Murillo, Consider-ing that the sale was a forced one, and that Mrs. Morgan, when making her collection, was but a very poor judge of art, and made all her purchases on the A curious political deal has been made, which, sooner or later, is bound advice of professional agents, the col-lection realized a very fair price, for, to attract national attention. The State Senate is Republican by eight majority. although it cost her nearly \$1,000,000 It has the power to either confirm or reject the Governor's appointments. The greatest plum within the Governor's such circumstances a great deal of money. It appears that Mrs. Morgan never saw some of the things sold in her gift is the office of health officer of the

> the case with six pictures which, as a leading picture-dealer in New York tells me, arrived from Europe at his shap when Mrs. Morgan was so sick that they could not be sent to her house, AN INTERESTING DIVORCE CASE. The divorce cases mentioned above interest Wall street for more reasons than one. To begin with, men implicated in them were well known in the clubs and at the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Stevers, who was a Miss Sampson and whose father was the largest share holder in the Chemical Bank-the wealthiest institution in New York-

collection. Such, at all events, was

owned a good deal of property in and about Wall street. Her conduct for some time past is well known among society people in New York, and her infatuation for a French nobleman of great histori cal name, but exceedingly shady coduct, brought about the present divorce. The amusing part of the affair is it is the wife, not the husband, who gets the divorce, and that the wife of the aforesaid erring Frenchman, who is also as American girl, has recently obtained in her turn a divorce in France. The idea of Mr. Stevens failing to supply his millionaire wife with the nece ries of life of course makes all boys" thrust their tongues in the cheeks with a suppressed laugh. TURNBULL, AGAIN.
The Turnbull case is altogether di

ferent. Mr. Turnbull's reference conpulsion of Mr. Loubat from the Union the son of a well-known commoder of the navy to commit what legal book call "that horrible crime which cannot be mentioned among Christians,'
Turnbull fled from New York and took
refuge in Washington, where some old
friends procured him a small situation Two or three other fasheauthle diverce cases will shortly come up in seem to be more easy and can be ke another in which the rich and handsome

sister of one of Mrs. Langtry's internate friends is implicated. LABOR TROUBLES.

The great strikes now going on a over the country are in reality the first adequate external indications of a move going on in the United States for some years past, and that, in turn, is but a phase of a movement wide as our civilization. The new wine is beginning to ferment in the old bottles. The struggle against chattel slavery is over. revolt against industrial slavery What the Knights of Labor begun. nean is the application to industrial warfare of the principle of the massing of forces on the point of attack. Their organization is to the trades what the trades union is to the individual worker.

And its spirit is that of the unity of

the interests of labor-a spirit only be

ginning its work. Whether the strikes now in progre are won or lost can make little difference in ultimate results. They are like affairs of outposts at the beginning of a life and death struggle between great nations. On which ever side lies the advantage, neither side can refrain from pushing it, while neither side can be so lecisively beaten that it will not rally its forces again and make a new stand. No defeat, and no series of defeats, can now deprive labor of the conscious ness of power, and monopoly has too much at stake and has too long been accustomed to rule to be conquered a this way into more than a hollow truce. Action must beget reaction, and com-bination provoke counter-combination, for there are behind the combatants on either side the mightiest of forces. The spirit of the age, the rising spirit that proclaims the equality of men, and bids the hewer of wood and the drawer of water aspire to the full estate of a freeman, meets economic conditions

that tend to grind the masses into hard

and hopeless servitude.

WHAT THE STRIKES MEAN. It is idle to cry peace where there is no peace, and to imagine that the preaching of moderation can only avail when the strongest of passions are roused. These strikes mean war, and that civil war : not a war between organized States, like that whose epoch has with us just closed, but war be tween organized factions within the State, which ranges neighbor against neighbor and draws lines of battle in city streets. It is the "House of Have" and the "House of Want' that are coming into collision and that everywhere jostle each other. To be sure, this is as yet only a negative war, which resorts to blockade and not to bombshell; but it is still war in spirit. And when passions are roused and men are marshalled the negative may hash into the positive, and a struggle of endurance change to a struggle of phy sical force with any accident.

Unpleasant as all this may be to those who care little for any injustice, so that the public peace is not disturbed, and unexpected as it may be to those who have imagined that in giving men the ballot without regard to "race. color, or previous condition of servitude," we have vindicated the Declaration of Independence, and that republican institutions and common schools have settled all social questions, it is the inevitable result of conditions which, in the midst of "over-production," condemn men to biting want, and amid millions of acres of untilled land make the mere " leave to toil " thing to be struggled for. And he who would prevent destructive strife, it is for him to set himself to discover what may be at bottom the cause of this. Great masses of men do not combine into wide-spread organization - they do not enter into contests that involve sad rifice and privation-unless impelled by strong metives and under the spur of deep mjustice. That there is at the bonds, will require at least time months and legal proceedings, and after that a bond of two or three men for \$100,000 each for some twenty years to come. Of course all this is so far mere talk of course all this is so far mere talk of course have no positive knowledge.